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Dillard

AT AUTUMN TIME

BY

RICHARD DILLARD

Class F2

Book

PRESENTED BY

AT AUTUMN TIME

HALF REMEMBERED ECHOES
FROM THE WOODS AND FIELDS

BY

RICHARD DILLARD

BURKE & GREGORY
NORFOLK, VA.

1907

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1907

He who draws from Nature may drink
from the deep cool well of Truth.

Gift
Author
(Person)
17 JU '07

PROLOGUE

I HAVE garnered in this little book the fruitage of my hoodwinked fantasies, and woven in the fabric of my humble lay half heard echoes from deep Autumn woods, the ecstasy of the golden fields of ripening grain, and fragments of some farewell avian melody.

RICHARD DILLARD.

"Beverly Hall,"
Edenton, N. C.
Sept. 20th, 1907.

These are the signs that Fall has come:
The meadows all look brown and dun,
The flight of swallows has begun,
And gold and glinting is the sun
When Fall has come;

The meadows all look brown and dun.

The flight of swallows has begun.

A hazy gauze spreads o'er the sky,
And dreary flies the crow on high,
And from the heart there comes a sigh,
As dead leaves in our pathway lie
When Fall is nigh.

And from the heart there comes a sigh,
As dead leaves in our pathway lie
When Fall is nigh.

The yellow ears hang down in line,
Deep purple is the muscadine,
And pippins are as red as wine,
The luscious yield of Summer's prime,
At Autumn time.

Deep purple is the muscadine.

The warbler still his flight delays
And flutes his farewell roundelays,
And waning Summer gladly pays
For tenancy her golden maize,
In harvest days.

In harvest days.

The woodman's axe rings loud and clear,
The evening air stirs cool and drear,
The wealth of Nature doth appear,
Rich bounty for another year,
When Fall is here.

The woodman's axe rings loud and clear.

The evening air stirs cool and drear.

The wealth of Nature doth appear,
Rich bounty for another year,
When Fall is here.

JUL 17 1907

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